

THE KING AND QUEEN
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blossom with borrowed
flowers. Trust
me. I am your mend. I will
bring
him to you.

Ra

Noble King. I owe you my
life
and my heaven of happiness.

Vikram

Go, and be ready with your
bridal
dress. I will change the tune
of my
music. (!LA *goes.*) This war is
grow-
ing tiresome. But peace is
insipid.
Homeless fugitive, you are
more for-
tunate than I am. Woman's
love,
like heaven's watchful eyes,
follows
you wherever you go in this
world,
making your defeat a triumph
and
misfortune splendid, like
sunset clouds.

(Enters DEVADATTA.)

Devadatta

Save me from my pursuers.